

"DELLORA THE UNSPOILED," \$38,000,000 HEIRESS, SHOWS THAT REAL LOVE LAUGHS AT GREENBACKS

Chauffeurs, Butlers and Maids Not Wanted in Their Love Nest

SHE CAN DRIVE CAR AND IS GOOD COOK

Unimpressed by Fortune, Miss Angell Remains Just Normal Girl

SINCE fortunes have been inherited heresses have eloped with chauffeurs and coachmen or have traded their dowries for distinguished titles, but it remained for Dellora Angell, youthful mistress of \$38,000,000, to set a precedent.

Dellora has announced her engagement to Lester Norris, son of Cal Norris, the village undertaker at St. Charles, Ill., one of her schoolmates at grammar school. She, who could buy the Kohinoor diamond and pay no more attention to the price than if she had bought an all-day sucker, displays proudly on her engagement finger the modest diamond her fiancé placed there.

Dellora's friends and the friends of her father, Robert F. Angell, and the thousands who know her as heiress to the estate of John (Bet-a-Million) Gates, are aghast. Had Dellora, with her youth, her beauty and the possession of one of the largest fortunes in the country won a prince they would have taken it as a matter of course. Even if Dellora, with her dashing carelessness of consequences, had eloped with one of the chauffeurs who care for her cars, they would hardly have been surprised. But this small-town son of the small-town undertaker, with the engagement announced in a perfectly regular fashion—well, one doesn't expect anything so normal from heresses.

Dellora Tells Chums of Her Engagement

The engagement was announced, not at the handsome Lake Forest mansion of the nineteen-year-old millionaire, but at the modest little home of her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Baker, in St. Charles, a few miles away. There were no liveried butlers, no stringed quartet, no admittances through the pages of the social register.

The party was just an old-fashioned gathering of the chums of Dellora when she went to the public school in St. Charles, before she was mistress of the millions.

They played guessing games, and at the close of the evening Dellora slipped the diamond on her finger, whisked down the basement stair and dragged up her fiancé, his father and his mother.

Interviewed after the announcement, the boy who draws pictures for a living and the girl who is bored with the million-dollar collection of foreign pictures looked up in her Lake Forest mansion, told of the romance that dates back eleven years, and that was not interfered with by the periodical trips on which Dellora's father took her—to Honolulu, to England, to France, to Oberammergau.

"I always liked Les," she said,

"even when he beat me in a swimming contest. When we were in the sixth grade at school I liked him, and I remember the other kids used to tease me and call me Mrs. Norris. Even then I rather liked it."

Dellora, the girl with the million-dollar jewel collection, with a town house in Lake Forest, a winter home in Pasadena, a summer lodge in the Wisconsin woods, with a flock of motorcars, always was "folksy" and a favorite of "Main street," her friends say. They recall the fate of a young Lake Forest suitor who remonstrated with the heiress because she once dismissed the nurse and wheeled Roberta, her young sister, up and down the aristocratic paths of Lake Forest. She kept on pushing the perambulator, and when her snobbish young suitor objected to her playing nurse-girl and expected him to accompany her she dismissed him summarily.

Thus the arrangement her school friends are making for an old-fashioned "shower" to present the bride with aluminum kettles, cheese dishes, guest towels and kitchen utensils is quite suited to Dellora's tastes.

"I don't want a fancy wedding," she said. "I guess Les and I will be married very quietly. Of course, I want my family there, and his, and the boys and girls in our home town. I'll have Wilda Blanchard play the wedding march. She's one of my best friends. No church wedding and ushers for me."

Dellora's plans for her domestic life are as simple as her wishes regarding the ceremony.

"We'll build a bungalow," she said.

"Will you live in St. Charles?" she was asked.

The heiress turned to her fiancé.

"Yes, won't we, Les?"

"We will," answered that young man in an authoritative tone.

"Les Will Be Boss,"

That's All Settled

Dellora looked satisfied with his assumption of authority.

"Les will be the boss," she nodded affirmatively.



Dellora Angell with a love that laughs at greenbacks

She Might Have Bought a Prince, but Prefers Her Boy Sweetheart

tions to the young heiress started rumors of an engagement. This time Dellora was whisked off to Honolulu.

There was one outstanding incident to that trip, in the girl's estimation. "The paper in Honolulu printed my pictures, and it didn't say one word about money," she said.

Exit Young Surgeon and Hospital Dream

On her return, newspapers all over the country carried columns about Miss Dellora Angell's plans for the disposal of her fortune by marrying some poor young surgeon and founding and maintaining a hospital for the poor. Who the young surgeon was to be she never announced, and now, apparently, she has forgotten her altruistic plan in the rosier dreams for her new life.

Dellora achieved newspaper publicity, too, when the family chauffeur filed a suit against her father, charging that Angell père gave him a severe beating when he discovered a friendship between his daughter and the chauffeur. The story was that Reid, the chauffeur, drove the big town car back to the family residence in Pasadena and surprised a family "row." He is said

of his daughter and of being a go-between for her and her friends against the wishes of her family. Reid, who has a wife and three children, maintained that the letter held by Mrs. Angell was one written by the girl to a friend in which her reference to Reid was that he was leaving her father's employment to her regret.

The missive is reported to have stated that Miss Angell was in a quandary as to whom she would talk to now that Reid was leaving.

Finally came symptoms that Dellora's affair with "Les" Norris, of St. Charles, was becoming serious, and again Dellora was whisked off. This time the Atlantic Ocean was put between the heiress and her boy sweetheart, but not before "Les" had managed to slip a diamond on her finger. In fact, Dellora had flatly refused to leave the country unless "Les" were invited to spend two weeks at her Wisconsin lodge. Young Norris, who was doing commercial art work for a living, was duly invited, and Dellora herself, accompanied by her uncle, E. J. Baker, drove forty miles to the station to meet him at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Fear Robbers Might Get That Precious Ring

Dellora, with her father and her stepmother, toured ten countries, and in each country letters were received and sent by the sweethearts, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and letters in every one from "Les."

When the heiress entered Germany, having heard tales of the robberies of foreign travelers, she took her precious diamond from her finger and concealed it on her person.

"I wasn't going to risk having that stolen," she said. "It belonged to Les' grandmother, and even if it hadn't, the fact that he gave it to me made it too precious to risk losing."

Although Dellora was taken to all the pieces of interest throughout Europe, she received the greatest thrill of all at Oberammergau, where she saw the Passion Play.

The thrill was not due to the great dramatic spectacle, however, but to the fact that the name of her fiancé was linked to an incident that occurred.

"I wanted a picture of the man who played the role of the Christ," said Miss Angell. "There was only one photograph left, and the man in charge of the photographs gave that to me. He thrust it into an envelope, and I paid him. Then I saw a name written in the envelope. The name was 'Norris.' Lester's name. Wasn't that strange? I have never been able to give it out, but it impressed me very much."

Dellora brought back from abroad a candy box full of photographs and snapshots, just as any other girl traveler would, and impressions of a pleasant time, except for being dreadfully seasick.

These photographs she gleefully showed to "Les" upon her return.

"I did one marvelous thing with my camera," she said, displaying a picture of a tall, straight tower. "I took a picture of the leaning tower of Pisa, and it came out straight. Every other tower I photographed was wobbly, but I straightened the leaning tower. I guess I'm good."

"I guess you are," echoed Lester, looking not at the photograph, but evaluating the work of another artist. In her countenance, Miss Angell in Dellora has a sound, girlish countenance, with a glowing color, eyes that are a deep brown and that glow with animation, looking out from under clearly marked, arched brows. She wears simple, plain clothes, likes outdoor sports, and gives little evidence, in her simplicity, that \$300 a day has been spent on her for years.

Despite Simple Tastes, She Costs \$300 a Day

An accounting filed in 1921 showed that \$175,000 was spent on her in the two preceding years. Miss Angell came into control of \$300,000 of her \$38,000,000 estate. The \$300,000 was a separate bequest of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gates and their son, the late Charles Gates. When Dellora is twenty-one, which will be next month, she will have full charge of the income, which is now in the hands of her father, who was named by the court as business manager of his daughter's millions.

Miss Angell was a favorite of the late John W. Gates and the niece and namesake of his wife, John Gates, widely known steel king, financier and market plunger, for whom the "sky was the limit" in poker as in any other kind of speculation, died in Paris. He claimed St. Charles, the town in Illinois where his heiress chooses to live in preference to any other place in the world, was the home of his parents, and in between his spectacular stock transactions he paid frequent visits to the town. He married a St. Charles girl, Miss Dellora R. Baker, who received the greater part of his fortune at his death, and who in turn made Dellora her heiress.

Dellora went to New York with her father and stepmother to attend the funeral, and came back to Lake Forest, entirely unimpressed by her newly acquired wealth.

On the first Christmas after the biggest that made her one of the richest girls in the world, Dellora, when interviewed by reporters as to her nice Christmas present, interrupted the story of Peter Pan she was telling her young sister to reply:

"It was the pretty umbrella father gave me. And then she added, 'But the fur cap that mamma gave me was very nice, too.'"

Dellora, the unspoiled, they called her. She taught a Sunday school class in the First Presbyterian Church at Lake Forest.

She no longer teaches the Sunday school class, but she still is "Dellora the unspoiled," her "Main street" friends at St. Charles, where she spends each week-end when she is in Illinois, aver. And when she is not at the old-fashioned home of her aunt or over at Wilda Blanchard's or out of the other of her school girl friends—not her private school friends, but her grammar school friends—she is at the modest Norris home, helping Mrs. Norris with her homework or "hanging around" with "Les."

Dellora Angell has proved that love laughs at greenbacks and chuckles at legacies, but is sympathetic toward childhood associations.



Lester Norris, childhood sweetheart, from whom Dellora has never turned



Father and Mother Norris rejoice in the love match. Mr. Norris is the village undertaker, but Dellora's millions and dad's poverty make no difference to the young couple, seated between the parents-in-law-to-be



Young, happy, loving. Dellora and Lester think there is little else worth while just now

yard and garden, for Les isn't very handy at these things. He's artistic," she finished proudly.

She produced from a drawer a stack of magazines, a club organ, for which "Les" had done art work.

"Look at all these. Aren't they good?" she continued. "I've got stacks of letters from him, and all of them are illustrated."

"Les," a handsome young man of twenty-one, whose countenance is a composite of that of the handsomest of the motion-picture actors, but who is a manly chap withal, spoke up for the first time.

"Our courtship has largely been one of letters," he laughed. "Del-

lora has been away almost constantly for the last three years."

His comment recalled the many occasions on which the young heiress has been whisked away when she had shown symptoms of falling in love. Ever since the wife of John W. Gates left her fortune to Dellora, her namesake and niece, there have been rumors of engagements.

There was Randolph Gibson Owsley, Lake Forest youth, on whose account it was said Dellora was suddenly packed off to Pasadena. Dellora and her family later denied rumors of an engagement, and Dellora produced a letter signed "R. G. O." in proof of the fact that she had

been taken away from his vicinity against his will.

"Everything will be all right when you come back in the spring," the letter read.

"That doesn't sound as if I was taken away so I wouldn't see him," said Dellora at the time. "I am not engaged to marry any one, and I came out here because I wanted to."

Then she dashed out into a speedster waiting in front of the door, with an immaculate blond man at the wheel, who was certainly not young Mr. Owsley, of Lake Forest.

Then there was C. Wilson Campbell, an oil magnate, whose atten-

tion to have heard Mr. Angell cursing him roundly to his wife, and threatening encountered him.

Mrs. Angell detected the chauffeur's presence and motioned him to get out. Then a moment later, she followed her husband's sight and hearing.

She held a crumpled sheet of newspaper in her hand, according to Reid, and indicated it, said:

"Something has happened. You know Dellora is such a funny girl, or over at Wilda Blanchard's or out of the other of her school girl friends—not her private school friends, but her grammar school friends—she is at the modest Norris home, helping Mrs. Norris with her homework or 'hanging around' with 'Les.'"

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